



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Cortlandt or Riverside Park would be far better, cooler and more accessible—if indeed one of the parks must be selected. What would be far more central and accessible would be some island in the East River like Blackwell's or Randall Island or some area on the east side of Manhattan where land is cheap and the necessary approaches to the great amphitheatre could be arranged. Including the land and the construction by *béton* and hollow brick, the cost would be less than an attempt to convert the reservoir would amount to. It might be well to look up the record of the "conversion" of the reservoir on Fifth Avenue into the Public Library. It is cheaper to proceed from an unoccupied site and build for the purpose from the bottom up than to coquette with the idea that an old structure can be adapted to modern and very different uses.

C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre. Let the new disturbers of Central Park turn their attention to Riverside or Morningside Parks if they want a declivity to help them in an amphitheatre. But let them respect the original purposes of the founders of Central Park and keep it as far as possible a quiet park where the nerves of noise-ridden New Yorkers can find one place for relaxation. In Central Park one can still take a quiet stroll and when one talks it is not necessary—as yet—to yell.

SCULPTOR VERSUS PAINTER

One of the chosen haunts of artists in the Nutmeg State is Silvermine, Conn., and it is in the idyllic valley of the Silvermine River, than which nothing would seem more conducive to quiet, that a recent ruction has caused certain questions to be raised as to the psychology of sculptors versus painters. Are statuaries, by reason of the use of wet clay and the hammer, more prone than painters to revert to the habits and customs of the cave man, or say of the modern soldier who delves in mud and clay and hurls things at his enemies? Or conversely, does the tendency, the itching, the urge of the subliminal consciousness of a man to throw stones cause that man when embracing the artist career just naturally to become a sculptor? At any rate Mr. Charles Hoag lives on the Silvermine and is a manipulator of stone. But he does not confine himself to the comparatively peaceful task (in which he has back of him the precedents of ancestors of the Palæolithic and Neolithic Ages, millions of years before history began) of chipping stone into forms more or less approaching the shape of man and beast. He also hurls the stone, the loose stone, the common or garden "rock" as we Americans weirdly call it. And that was the trouble.

But before we proceed: Did Mr. Charles Hoag, who, very incredibly, is called a Hollander, hurl the rock at another artist—we are coming to him—because he was a carver of stone, and therefore seized the nearest if not dearest object ready to his hand? or was it because of the *Sturm und Drang* within his inmost being that lay there unconsciously to him but belonged to his inherited entity as a descendant of endless ancestors who executed justice by stoning those with whom they differed in religion and politics? We must leave

this nice point to the psychologists who run things nowadays and do not hesitate to mount and even bestride Presidential chairs.

The rock, we regret to say, was hurled at Mr. F. T. Hutchens, painter-artist, erstwhile student at the Académie Julien in Paris, not to speak of the Colarossi, an artist whose paintings are in museums, a member of the Salmagundi Club! And why, pray? Merely (it would seem) because he was culling from amid the nacreous wavelets of the sweet Silvermine a few mossy boulders—or were they "rocks"?—in that stretch which passes the Demesne of Hoag. That and nothing more. Observe the tragic situation: Hutchens ambling peacefully along, thinking perchance of Isaac Walton and John Muir, of troutlets once known in the Silvermine and of moraines that mark the stages of the last Glacial Age on Connecticut and Long Island. He, innocent, acquires stones; on him, O wretched, stones pour! Is it strange that he should hale the stone-thrower into court and ask why, when he might have expected bread, he received a petrification?

But the real question is, whether there may not be a latent, but none the less a fearsome, antagonism in the breasts of sculptors and painters one against the other. Painters have an irritating way of assuming a Prussian attitude of the super-artist toward other professors of active æsthetics. Sculptors, if we could lay their souls open with the psychological scalpel, would be revealed as men who look on painters as rather futile, effeminate creatures. In fine, sculptors and painters tolerate one another; nothing more. Must we not throw overboard the suggestion that Mr. Hoag "rocked" Mr. Hutchens for taking mossbacked stones from his reach of the Silvermine because of an irresistible urge of his inner and inherited cosmos, and fall back on the curious feeling of the superiority of form over color?

This would be a good subject for debate before the National Academy of Letters and the Arts.

SOCIETY OF ARTISTS FOR BROOKLYN

Brooklyn Borough, City of New York, has organized a society of artists that will hold its first exhibition in November. At present only sculpture, oil-painting, water-colors and pastels will be accepted, but later on it is proposed to include the art-crafts and graphic arts. The intention is to have artists who live in Brooklyn as exhibitors, limiting the work as far as possible to local artists. Brooklyn has one of the best art museums in the land and Brooklyn people take a warm and justifiable pride in the æsthetic side of their great city within a city—as any one can see by observing the high quality of public statuary in the squares and streets and the beauty of Prospect Park, not to mention the care taken to provide the boulevards and avenues and a vast number of the ordinary streets with trees. President is Mr. Frederick C. Boston, Vice-Presidents are Messrs. Benjamin Eggleston and Harry Roseland, Treasurer is Nicolas Macsoud and Secretary is Eugene V. Brewster, 409 Washington Avenue.

There will be two exhibitions each year, a Spring and an Autumn show. Dues are only five dollars